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acter, how youthful his faults, how easily his pen ran away with him in early days. It was a phase in which he himself took no pride. He never ceased to look askance at his *Book of Snobs*. He apologized in later days for criticisms that seemed witty enough at their writing, and he regretted heartily the reprinting of some of these fragments in the first American edition of his works. The change wrought by the years in his youthful intolerance is perhaps by nothing better evidenced than by his courtesy to the Appleton firm, before whom he was helpless, and the gracious preface with which he set out their edition. Like friends met unexpectedly beneath one roof, one greets many of these minor works. Here are the *Comic Tales and Sketches*, which nobody noticed in their first brown binding, but which are good reading seventy years later. No one cared for the inimitable designs of *Flore et Zephyre*, either, and they mark nearly the close of Thackeray's attempt to devote himself to art. Here is the little essay on "English Landscape Artists," written to sell the engravings of his friend Marvy and good to see just because it stands for the myriad kindly deeds that made Thackeray so loved a man.

The bibliographical notes by Mr. Melville prefixed to each volume are clear and full. They form a complete history of Thackeray's work and, indeed, an excellent biography. Or rather, they might were they arranged according to any plan. Twenty large volumes is an appalling amount of literature to stand upon the shelf unnumbered and unindexed and arranged without reference to chronological order. The miscellaneous papers and drawings, mostly of date before 1848, are placed wherever there is room. Early prefaces are separated from the books to which they belong apparently for no other reason than that they have not for some time been printed with them. One suspects there is no better reason for this mingling of early and late, serious and comic, long and short, than the publisher's desire for books of a uniform thickness. To have the complete work of a writer, in the order in which it was produced, is to see the growth of his mind, the perfecting of his art. Mr. Furniss's art has made this a most delightful edition. Mr. Melville's scholarship makes it authoritative. With such skill as this at command, it is more than a pity that no way was found of reducing order out of what seems at times extraordinarily like chaos.

THE MADRAS HOUSE. By GRANVILLE BARKER. New York: Mitchell Kennerley, 1912.

Like all the serious young dramatists of the day, Granville Barker is preoccupied with life and what he puts forth is primarily not art, but propaganda. Thought-inspiring and provocative in the highest degree, one yet resents the young dramatist's giving us a play in which in the opening act six young ladies appear, are all minutely described, and then disappear utterly from the play and are only once referred to in the last scene to point a moral.

Granville Barker retains in this play all his power of pointed and able characterization. He flashes forth a temperament in a phrase with amazing brilliancy. He handles dialogue with consummate grace and is a master of ironic portraiture. But alas! when he has written a play, it is

philosophy of life, it is propaganda, it is dialogue, it is even conversation and portraiture, but there is no play.

Once more Mr. Barker is concerned in this play with the subject of *Waste*. As in the play of that name, the waste of human life by traditions disturbed him, as in *The Marrying of Anne Leete* the waste of life by decadent manners and morals troubled him, and in *The Voysey Inheritance* the waste of money, here he inveighs against the waste of womanhood. Just what remedy he would suggest it would require a very penetrating critic to discover. He resents the six dull, middle-class, unmarried daughters of Mr. Huxtable. He trusts that though they have not the life more abundant, they may yet have dreams, if they be only of adventures with a new carpet-sweeper. One of the Misses Huxtable orders dinner; two are given to religion, with interests veering from district visiting to foreign missions; Julia studied at an art school and was unhappy, Emma took to common sense and ran to coats and skirts, and the youngest was trying to be a little wild. The tragedy of these common-or-garden lives, in Mr. Barker's opinion, seemed to be that, being minus husbands, they also had no children and by the laws of good society seemed to have missed the more thrilling and zestful experiences of life.

If Act I. is taken up with showing the flaws in such lives as those of the Misses Huxtable, Act II. is devoted to showing how harried a young woman may be who decides to indulge in the liberty of having a child and foregoing a husband. Apparently this young woman has her creator's backing, for life and lives, at all costs, is Mr. Barker's creed, and of the difficulties of a single-handed rearing of a human being he knows and says nothing.

Acts III. and IV. cope with the fine-lady problem. The Madras House is a great commercial institution for clothing fine ladies. This particular house is about to change hands from the Huxtables to an entertaining New England transcendentalist with a keen eye for the main chance. It may be said in passing that rarely has Mr. Barker done anything more brilliantly ironic than this Mr. State, who by profession dresses women's figures in silks and by temperament supplies their charms with phrases. His ability to discuss all subjects, missing the essence of life and gloating over the surfaces, his love of tawdry philosophy, and his instinct for material advantage are delightfully done.

Jessica, the fine lady, is Mr. Barker's *pièce de résistance*. She is "dainty in mind and body, gentle in thought and word, charming, delicate, sensitive, graceful, chaste, credulous of all good, shaming the world's ugliness and strife by the very ease and delightsomeness of her existence; fastidious—fastidious—fastidious." Learning and humor have salted her attractions, art and music and beautiful surroundings have made a setting for her, and yet Mr. Barker is no more satisfied with this *édition de luxe* than with the dull Misses Huxtable and not nearly so satisfied as with the daring Miss Yates who is willing to fight life single-handed. In the main, though it would be difficult to extract a philosophy of life from Granville Barker's speculations, he at least serves the purpose of questioning every aspect of life and of setting one's thoughts agog.